Hell. Commend me to your neece.
Pand. I will sweet Queene. *Sound a retreat?*
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriers. Sweet *Helen* I must woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles
With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, disarme great *Hector*.
Hell: Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouershines our selfe.
Par: Sweet aboue thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand: How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida*?
Man: No sir stayes for you to conduct him thether.
Pand: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra walke off.
Pand: Haue you seene my Cousine?
Troy: No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid*.
Pand: Walke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'ymaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy to fyne,
To subtill, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides

That

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes.
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.
Pand. Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane sparrow.
Troy: Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnwares encountring
the eye of maiesty. *Enter pandar and Cressid.*
Pand. Come, come, what need you blush?
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele put you ith fillies: why doe you not speake to her. Come draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alasse the day? how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke youd dose sooner: so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse; how now a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faulcon, as the tercell: for all the ducks ith riuer: go too, go too.
Troy: You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.
Pand: Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele bereaue you ath' deeds too if she call your activity in question: what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties interchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?
Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. O *Cressid* how often haue I wisht me thus.
Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?
Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty abruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the fountaine of our loue?
Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

 Cres. blinde